Crossing Path

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Crossing Path

by FujinoLover

Summary

There was no plane, but there were two 'concerned passersby'.

Notes

This oneshot came to life all because I realized both Delphine and Root painted their nails in black.

There was no plane, at least none that would take off to Frankfurt. Of course there was none, Delphine berated herself for being so naïve, trusting Rachel's words just because she presented her with the appropriate plane ticket. She wondered whether this was how Aldous met his end, kneeling inside DYAD's private hangar with a gun looming on the back of the head. The thought did not last long enough. Her mind went back to Cosima, fearing for her safety despite her own predicament. There was nothing else she could do for her, her hands were tied, in literal sense. She could only hope doctor Nealon proceeded with the bone-marrow transplant.

The sound of gun being loaded echoes inside the hangar, jerking Delphine out from her thought. She immediately clenched her eyes shut when the muzzle nudged the back of her skull. A bullet would blast through her brain at any given time and it would be a quick death. Apparently, her two executors were not equipped with enough courtesy, other than for putting plastic sheet underneath her (which she suspected more for their convenient in dumping her body later on), they disregarded asking about her last dying wish. So much for being called as "DYAD's gentlemen".

Delphine drew a long, shaky inhale, having submitted into her fate, when all of a sudden the hangar door rolled up on its own. Her two companions instantly pointed their guns at the entrance. What they did not expect was for a black motorbike to barge in. Delphine managed to catch the glimpse of guns being pointed by the motorbike's passenger and ducked her head down. Bullets whizzed past her for a few long seconds before the exchange ends in her two executors dropping down behind her. The motorcycle came to a halt, monstrous engine turned off, and kickstand put on place. There were two sets of different steps coming her way, one almost unheard, Delphine noticed. One of her mysterious saviors crouched right in front of her while the other rounded behind her to secure the fallen weapons then kicks the DYAD's gentlemen into unconsciousness.

"It's okay."

Delphine looked up right in time and her brows shot up in surprise. She did not expect her rescuer (both of them, actually, after the other came to stand behind the one across her) to be female and she had never seen any of them before. Her attention was pulled away when the one speaking to her pulled out a knife. The woman must have noticed the surprised look on Delphine's face turned into one of fear, because she stopped midair and gave out a disarming smile.

“We’re here to help,” she assured as she reached out to cut the zip-tie binding Delphine’s wrists together. The thin plastic came off easily, leaving thin red strips in their wake, but no permanent damage. “Doctor Cormier, right?”

Delphine nodded. She bid her time in studying her saviors. The one crouching in front of her seemed nice, but the other one reminded her of Sarah with her intimidating attitude and nonstop scowling. With the situation she was trapped in, Delphine naturally became weary of the two, despite the fact that they had pretty much saved her life just a minute ago.

“Who are you?” Delphine asked after she got back on her feet with the help of the smiling brunette, mindlessly noting the other one far shorter than both of them. “Prolethean?”

“Oh no,” the one standing as tall as Delphine answered, scoffing slightly. “My God is a tangible being and She answers to my call.” She winked, while the other woman rolled her eyes. “I’m Root and this is Shaw.” She pointed at the shorter brunette behind her, who nodded at Delphine. “We’re only… concerned passersby.”

Not knowing what to do with the information, Delphine settled on a soft “*Merci.*”

“You’re welcome.”

“We’re done here?” For the first time since they arrived, Shaw opened her mouth. She did not want to be there, and she let it show.

“Be patient, Shaw.” Root sounded all too gleeful for it to be a scolding. “Doctor Cormier, your girlfriend and her…” she trailed off, eyes losing focus as she stared into space.

At any other time, Shaw would simply brush it off as The Machine relying information to Root, but that normally did not last for more than several seconds. Root had been quiet for a good couple of minutes. She knew the sudden silence was not a good sign. Whatever The Machine had told her must crucial enough to be able to render Her chatty Analog Interface speechless. Shaw’s hand instinctively grips her gun tighter, finger ghosting above the trigger.

She still did not understand why The Machine ordered Root to team up with her *again*. The number did not come as irrelevant, relevant, or even as the third category—whatever that was, it was just a number and it sent them flying to Toronto first time in the morning.

Thankfully, Root snapped back into the present before Shaw could point her gun at Delphine. "Your girlfriend and her," she tried again, but the small pause was there and she looked intrigued at its best. Delphine noticed the understanding glint in Root's eyes and drew a sharp breath, but another smile from the hacker was enough to defuse the tension. "sister…" she worded out cautiously, "They managed to make a breakout and gather with the rest of… the siblings… The bone-marrow is useless but you'll get a better substitute. Lie low tonight and go back in town tomorrow morning. You know where to find them."

With the instruction successfully conveyed, a little tip from Root about the town car parked outside with key inside, and another expression of gratitude from Delphine, they parted way. Shaw watched on as Delphine hurriedly left the hangar. Her frown deepened when Root sauntered back to their bike and straddled it with ease; as if it was another simple mission accomplished and they were not wasting their time flying to all the way to Canada to save a woman, whose secret managed to make Root, out of all people, lose the ability to speak out her mind. Shaw had expected at least a short explanation about whatever the hell this mission was about, but it seemed like there would not be any if she did not ask the hacker.

"What was that about?" Shaw grunted, finally relented to her curiosity.

Root tossed the spare helmet, which Shaw caught perfectly. "Honestly? I have no idea." She shrugged, playing with the strap of her own helmet to avoid Shaw's hardened stare that screamed *I don't believe you!* "It's complicated." *Clone-plicated*, she thought, and giggled at her own play of word, earning a glare from Shaw. "My best guess would be that She wanted to show me different outlook on humanity."

"Whatever." Shaw hopped onto the bike, causing Root to lose balance for a second. "Next time don't bring me along," she grumbled then put on her helmet, ending their conversation.

The hacker shook her head at Shaw's usual grumpiness, but said nothing as she wore her own helmet. She could not help but wish if she were to meet doctor Cormier again—hopefully when they had fought *and* won their own incoming battles—she would like to know more about the human cloning project. She was sure they would get along just fine, because aside

from their gray moralities; they did fancy shorter, dark-haired women. Maybe they could do some girl talk while painting each other's nails in black, too. Root grinned at the idea.

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